March 1, 1964

This Week
MAGAZINE

Richmond Times-Dispatch

First Lady's First Day

Lady Bird Johnson's moving account of the day her husband became President . . . *Page 6*

BEAUTIFUL CLANCY

A delightful story about a girl, a con man and a cook . . . *Page 8*

NATALIE WOOD: *Beauty snapped by an acting friend.* *See Page 2*

Words To Live By

I believe in the sun, even when it is not shining;
I believe in love, even when I feel it not;
I believe in God, even when He is silent.

Words found written on the wall of a cellar in Cologne, Germany, after World War II

March 1, 1964

The National Sunday Magazine . . .
World's largest circulation . . . 14,553,575

FOR A BETTER AMERICA
This Week MAGAZINE

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Cover Story

The sparkling picture of Natalie Wood on our cover was taken by a photographer who has spent more time on the other side of the camera — actor Roddy McDowall. Natalie is scheduled to play the Single Girl in "Sex And The Single Girl," and a teen-age movie star in "Inside Daisy Clover."

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Werner Wolff — Black Star

He's insecure — so he makes her wheedle every penny

Money and Marriage

By JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS

Money is truly the root of all evil, when married people speak like this

A RECENT SURVEY conducted by a group of sociologists at the University of Southern California revealed that a large percentage of couples married between five and twenty years are convinced the only real trouble money causes comes from not having enough. They are wrong, however. The files of marriage counselors show that thousands of couples today cite money as a constant source of unhappiness *even when incomes are substantial.*

Increased incomes bring many couples only the doubtful privilege of arguing over how to handle the extra money. "Often," says Dr. Elliot H. Drisko, executive director of the Family Service Society of Yonkers, N. Y., "husbands and wives use this money to express hidden feelings of anger and anxiety, or as a weapon in the struggle for self-esteem and power."

Authorities like Dr. Drisko say the emotional misuses of money nearly always fit into one of eight easily recognized categories:

1. "Ask me nicely"

More men than women use this power-getting device. They are not necessarily tightwads — and may even be quite generous — but no member of — ***continued on page 13***

HOW TO LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED!

At last! A leading American doctor releases positive proof that you can add up to forty health-packed years to your life — AND LOOK UP TO TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER DOING IT!

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In other words, pump up to twenty years of new youth back into your body—whether you're thirty, fifty or eighty years old today!

WHY LET YOUTH SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS, WHEN YOU CAN GAIN IT BACK IN JUST A FEW SHORT MINUTES A DAY!

Yes! For years medical science has asked itself one maddening question — Why do people age before their time?

Why do men lose their vigor and vitality—develop jowls and a paunch—begin to huff and puff when they climb stairs—give way to fatigue, sickness and pain that shouldn't be there for another twenty to thirty to forty years at the least!

Why do women turn almost overnight from slim young brides to fat heavy matrons—with all the glow gone from their complexions—with their sexual attractiveness evaporated—with their entire lives one long series of battles against aches, exhaustion and sly creeping diseases that make them old, overnight!

Can something be done to prevent this premature aging? Can these symbols of old age be pushed off for ten, twenty, even forty years? Can youthful vitality, youthful appearance be restored? CAN YOUR PHYSICAL AGE—WITH THE PROPER TRAINING—ACTUALLY BE UP TO FORTY YEARS BELOW YOUR CALENDAR AGE?

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Medical science has proved in Europe that a simple self-preservation routine—in test after test—has cut the amount of bed-ridden illnesses among participants to a mere 15%! Medical science has proven in Ohio that this same simple routine has increased the life expectancy of overweight men by as much as twenty full years—even though these men suffered from blood pressure so high it was as dangerous as poison!

Yes! Medical Science had proved—all over the Free World—that the man or woman who follows this simple program of self-protection MAY ACTUALLY BE IN BETTER CONDITION AT EIGHTY OR NINETY THAN OTHER MEN ARE AT THIRTY OR FORTY!

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If you are a man, these six-second exercises will straighten your back, broaden your shoulders and—above all—**pull in your stomach,** sometimes as much as two to three inches in the first few weeks! They'll put new drive in your legs, new wind in your chest, new power in your grip!

Or, if you are a woman, these six-second exercises will firm you up where you need it most —in your hips and thighs, in that bulging tummy, under your chin and around the neck, even in that sagging upper arm! They'll put new grace in your step—give you a posture and a figure and a walk that can stop men in their tracks a full block behind you!

And you'll see the results, you'll feel the results, your friends will comment on the results, IN THE FIRST FEW WEEKS ALONE!

All this from just eighteen seconds per exercise per week! Plus simple new endurance exercises that give amazing new strength to your lungs and your circulation . . . that charge no your entire body with vibrant new youth . . . **that gives you that wonderful "Fit-as-a-Fiddle" reserve of energy, that can-work all day and play all night!**

And this is just the beginning! The best is yet to come!

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This Week
MAGAZINE

FIRST LADY'S

FRANCES SPATZ LEIGHTON, *who has covered Washington's First Ladies since the days of Eleanor Roosevelt, is at present collaborating with Helen Baldwin, a close friend of the Johnson family, on a book to be entitled "They Call Her Lady Bird." One of the most dramatic sections of the book is an intimate account of the agonizing, historic 24 hours immediately following President Kennedy's assassination.* THIS WEEK *publishes the full story for the first time.* — THE EDITORS

Friday, November 22, 1963

12:25 P.M. Texas Time — For a moment the pies were uppermost in her mind — that nice succulent row of pecan pies back at the LBJ ranch house that were being baked for the Kennedys' visit tonight.

Oh, it would be lovely after this busy day was over and the last speech given, and they could all relax at the ranch. The motorcade was moving along smartly. The sky had cleared and all nature smiled.

UPI

6:10 P.M., NOVEMBER 22: *Lady Bird stood beside her husband at Andrews Air Force Base as he told the nation, "I will do my best, I ask for your help, and God's"*

FIRST DAY

Now, three months later, Lady Bird Johnson recalls every instant of the dramatic, tragic day that made her husband President

By FRANCES SPATZ LEIGHTON

12:26 P.M. — Lady Bird sat proudly two cars behind the Kennedy car. The friendly Dallas crowds were roaring their approval.

12:27 P.M. — Yes, and the fresh fruit. She was glad she had thought of that, and the books on Texas folklore. And she must remember to show Jacqueline the stepping stone on the patio that had been inscribed by John F. Kennedy while he was President-elect.

She studied the faces in the crowd. Happy cheering faces. Only a few insulting placards were held aloft.

She remembered the brief nasty incident here with Lyndon during the 1960 campaign, when they had been insulted and she had been asked how it felt. "I do not remember the ugly part," she had said, "I only remember that we walked into a roomful of warm-hearted Democrats."

12:29 P.M. — The motorcade was slowing down to make a sharp turn. They were approaching the triple underpass.

12:30 P.M. — She heard three shots. Firecrackers, she thought, still smiling.

12:31 P.M. — A voice on the intercom car radio said sharply, "Let's get out of here!" Secret Serviceman Rufus Youngblood had thrown himself over her husband and said in a commanding voice, "Get down, get down, get down!"

She obeyed, crouching far down as she felt the car lurch forward.

12:36 P.M. — Someone was helping her out of the car, and only then did she look up and see the sign, "Parkland Hospital." Voices were saying, "The President's been shot, and the Governor too!" and "Oh, it's terrible, terrible!" And someone said, "Maybe it's part of a plot."

12:40 P.M. — They were surrounded by Secret Servicemen in a little hospital consulting room. Someone was telling how it happened. Shots from a high window. Her husband was calling for the Texas Congressmen who were in the party.

12:45 P.M. — "I want to find Mrs. Kennedy," Lady Bird said to the Secret Servicemen. They found Mrs. Kennedy standing outside the swinging doors of the operating room. Equipment was being rushed past them through the doors.

Her mind recorded that Jacqueline looked "like a helpless heap of pink, but totally composed." Lady Bird's mind seemed to be writing, recording, recording.

She put out both arms to Jacqueline. They just stood there, comforting each other. Mrs. Kennedy, dazed, said, "We had ten years together."

12:50 P.M. — She walked the long corridor and up the stairs to Nellie Connally. Someone was saying Governor Connally was not expected to live either. The two women dissolved in each other's arms.

1:16 P.M. — Lady Bird walked back to her husband and heard Malcolm Kilduff, a White House press officer, addressing him as "Mr. President." Something clutched at her throat as she realized the enormity of that title.

There was talk of leaving instantly for a safer place. Kilduff was saying, "I have to announce the death of President Kennedy to the press. Is it all right with you?"

Her husband replied, "No, Mac. I think we had better wait for a few minutes. I think I had better get out of here and get back to the plane before you announce it."

She felt so strange as he added, "We don't know whether this is a world-wide conspiracy, and whether they are after me as well as they were after President Kennedy... We just don't know."

1:26 P.M. — Someone said, "The closed car is here, Mr. President."

1:41 P.M. — It was strange getting on Air Force One, the big jet that was still filled with other people's possessions — the young couple who had minutes before been the nation's Number 1 family. A Secret Serviceman said he feared there might be more trouble, and urged that they get away from Love Field. But the President said quietly, "No, we will wait for Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Kennedy's body."

Mrs. Johnson looked at her husband with appreciation for his decision. If ever Jacqueline needed someone, it was now, on the long flight back.

1:50 P.M. — Lyndon and she went to the Presidential cabin. She sat near him as he reached for the phone. He called Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Lady Bird took a page and started writing notes in shorthand. This was history. This was a day she would want to reconstruct sometime later, when she could think better. Now, just the facts, the first thoughts.

Call followed endless phone call. Details, problems. Her husband's hand hardly left the phone.

2:25 P.M. — Judge Sarah T. Hughes arrived. She carried a Bible.

2:30 P.M. — Lyndon called in his staff — all that would fit into the compartment. Lady Bird looked at all the faces that revealed a state of shock. And she knew her face must reveal the same shock.

2:35 P.M. — Lady Bird stood at her husband's right side but still the ceremony did not begin. They were waiting for someone. Mrs. Kennedy was composing herself. She reappeared and Lady Bird gave her a comforting look as Lyndon took both her hands and placed her at his left side.

2:38 P.M. — "I do solemnly swear that I will . . . " Judge Hughes began to intone, and Lyndon Johnson repeated the words after her, adding at the end, "So help me, God." It was altogether fitting, Lady Bird thought, to add those four words to the formal oath and she and her husband looked at each other a moment wordlessly. Then he leaned down and kissed her on the forehead.

2:47 P.M. — They were airborne at last. Jacqueline Kennedy had gone back to her vigil beside the casket and the President was back to his phone calls. She realized suddenly that he was calling the mother of the dead President.

He was saying, "I wish to God I could do something. . . " His voice trailed off and masculine-like, he turned to his wife to supply the proper words of comfort. "Here's Lady Bird," he said.

"Oh Mrs. Kennedy," said Lady Bird to the 73-year-old Rose Kennedy, who had seen so much family tragedy, "we feel as though the heart had been cut out of us. But we must remember how fortunate the nation was to have your son as long as we did."

4:00 P.M. — As she passed the Presidential compartment, her husband called her in and asked, "Where do you want to go when we get to Washington?"

It was the first she had thought of it, but she didn't have to think twice, "I want to go home and begin organizing my thoughts."

4:10 P.M. — Press secretary Liz Carpenter suggested, "Perhaps you should have something ready to say to the reporters."

"I have no statement," said Mrs. Johnson. "The way I feel, it has all been a dreadful nightmare and somehow we must find strength to go on."

Liz said, "Just say that. ***That*** can be your statement."

5:59 P.M. Washington, D.C., Time — The plane, Air Force One, touched down at Andrews Air Force Base. It was dark outside. Lady Bird and the President waited till the body in its heavy bronze casket had been lowered and the widow was safely in the ambulance beside it. Then they came out of the plane.

6:10 P.M. — She stood beside the new President as he tried to make himself heard into the microphones above the noise of the plane. She worried about the noise. But his firm tones came out clearly as he said, "This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed.

"For me, it is a deep personal tragedy... I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help, and God's."

Many hands stretched out to her and again she said what she could to ease the pain of the official government family that stood — ***continued on page 18***

SHORT-SHORT FICTION

Monsieur le Duc gasped in a stricken voice, "Are we to understand, Mademoiselle, that you have no money?"

BEAUTIFUL CLANCY

By WILLIAM BRANDON

Illustrated by Bob Peak

The French Riviera always has its share of zany people — but it will never get over the reunion of Clancy and her cooking grandfather

SHE WAS the kind of girl you — well, noticed. Her hair was shiny blond and there were shiny diamonds around the turtleneck of her white sweater. She had on tight black pants and big dark glasses and a billowy coat of some kind of way-out fur, even though the Riviera sun was beating down. Monsieur le Duc introduced her as Miss Clarissa Carnot, an American singer of *le jazz hot*.

"No, no," she said with a silvery laugh. "Cool, man, cool."

"Ah ha, of course," Monsieur le Duc said. "And now I shall see to our little inquiry."

"You're such a doll to take all this trouble."

"A pleasure, truly," Monsieur le Duc said, bowing over her hand.

He departed, and Miss Carnot explained to me that she had come down to Cannes from Paris seeking her long lost grandfather. She knew nothing of him except that he had always lived on the Riviera in the winters.

She had met Monsieur le Duc, she said, when she stopped in his little antique shop to look at Mozart's own pitch pipe, which had been on display in the window. Monsieur le Duc's sympathetic charm had been such that she had found herself telling him the reason for her visit to Cannes.

He had been certain he could locate her grandfather at once and had insisted on closing his shop and devoting the rest of the day to it — although he had first been kind enough to let her have Mozart's pitch-pipe at a special low price.

When I intimated that Monsieur le Duc had the shadiest reputation this side of the River Styx, she was indignant and told me with all the ardent idealism of her twenty-two years that he was clearly straight ape for honesty, which rang a bell in my memory.

During my long exile as European representative for the Jordan Carburetor Company of my home town of Jordan, Indiana, I have been a faithful reader of U.S. newspapers. "Straight ape," I remembered, was the catchword of a rock and roll chanteuse whose record "Whirl, Girl" had sold over a million copies, and whose name was Clancy Carnot.

I said, "Clancy?"

I thought for one tremulous moment that she was going to kiss me. "You're the first person who's recognized me all week!" she bubbled, then added hastily, "...but you won't say anything? I mean like I don't want my grandfather to know I'm a big star. I asked Monsieur le Duc to tell him I was a poor little nobody."

After a time Monsieur le Duc returned to the café terrace to say that he had indeed located Miss Carnot's grandfather. The old gentleman was too much stirred by emotion, he added, to see his granddaughter immediately, but had suggested a meeting at dinner. Clancy clapped her hands and dashed away to change.

I asked Monsieur le Duc if the grandfather he had turned up was by any chance a legitimate claimant to the title.

"Certainly," he said, ordering a cognac. "I knew who her grandfather was as soon as she mentioned her mother's maiden name, which was Viau."

"You don't mean the great Viau?"

"Precisely, I recalled that he once had a daughter, who eloped with an American trap-drummer."

JULES VIAU, *le grand* Viau, master chef, was one of the few real solid-gold celebrities of the Riviera. Undoubtedly the most eminent chef in France, friend and confidant of the illustrious personages of three generations, he had been personally responsible for the long and successful reign of the Hotel Prince Barcillon as the supreme center of grand luxe, when it came to chow, on the Côte d'Azur.

He was now in semi-retirement, although he still appeared in the Barcillon kitchens each day, attired in morning coat, striped pants and felt house slippers, this last touch necessitated by the gout. On rare occasions he would put on his tall white chef's cap and supervise the preparation of a special luncheon or dinner that would be the subject of awed conversation for weeks afterward.

"But now he is not only charmed to discover a granddaughter," Monsieur le Duc said, "but also elated for another reason altogether. It may surprise you to know that Monsieur Viau is far from rich. He has only his pension, and, of course, his rooms at the Barcillon. But a recent act of generosity threatens him with financial disaster. He gave his bond for an ex-pupil who recently opened a select restaurant. But the protégé is unable to meet current obligations on a bank loan, and the bank has demanded full payment by next Monday morning. Unless this payment is met, the restaurant will be closed in bankruptcy, thus leaving Monsieur Viau with a debt of honor. You will see that the appearance of a granddaughter of boundless wealth could scarcely have been more opportune."

I mentioned the fact that Clancy had asked him to represent her to her grandfather as a nobody.

"Bah, bah, a triviality," Monsieur le Duc said. "That has nothing to do with her grandfather anyway. She explained to me that she was remaining more or less incognito to escape the attentions of an importunate suitor who had made her life hideous in Paris by hiring a woodwind ensemble to serenade her hotel. No, no, one can see at a glance that she will be happy to press upon her new-found grandfather any little bank check he may need."

FROM WHICH, I remarked, Monsieur le Duc would naturally deduct a commission.

"At Monsieur Viau's insistence," Monsieur le Duc said piously. "I might also add that he is preparing a dinner of welcome with his own hands."

"Good Lord."

"Exactly. The gastronomical event of the decade."

A thought struck me. "You doubtless chiseled an invitation?"

"I allowed myself to be persuaded," Monsieur le Duc said, and added casually, "You are invited also. The *maître* asked me to bring a couple of Americans, in honor of his granddaughter's nationality."

At seven-thirty we picked up Clancy at the second-class hotel where she was staying because of her incognito, and took a cab to the Barcillon.

The other American guest Monsieur le Duc had invited was waiting for us there. He was Endicott Hopewell, a wealthy American publisher, a bald, gaunt, vulturesque figure in white tie and tails and outrigger glasses with lenses as thick as bottle bottoms. A fanatically dedicated gourmet, he was looking forward to the rare occasion of this dinner as most other men might anticipate being trapped in a broom closet with Brigitte Bardot.

The Barcillon staff received us with a deference usually reserved for unseated kings and conducted us via private elevator to Monsieur Viau's apartment. The ornate and old-fashioned magnificence of the hotel reduced Clancy to a rapt condition. She whis-

— continued on next page

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pered to me, "My gosh, he must really be loaded."

When Monsieur Viau himself appeared, in dress coat, high collar and slippers, leaning on a cane, I thought for a minute Clancy was going to curtsy. The old gentleman was equally impressed by his granddaughter.

Clancy said, "Gee, I feel like Cinderella."

"On the contrary," Monsieur Viau said, embracing her and brushing her forehead with his mustache, "it is I who must be enchanted, to find myself the grandfather of a princess so lovely and so gracious."

"You're simply spectacular, you're so cute. Is it all right if I call you Grandpa?"

"By all means, my little one. Although Grandpapa would be still brighter music to my old ears."

"Grandpapa — oh, I like that better too. It syncopates."

And so we had dinner. With the trout poached in the lightest of white wines Mr. Hopewell plainly left the world of reality for the regions of the blest. Over the roast chicken with its dressing of chopped truffles, cream, mushroom stems and magic, Monsieur le Duc appeared to be engaged in silent prayer. At the jellied quails in champagne he lost all control and under the spell of an evident delirium furtively switched plates with Clancy, who couldn't finish hers.

She said, "I never saw so many pretty covered dishes. And everything tastes good, too."

"It is entirely in your honor, my dear child," Monsieur Viau said.

They exchanged looks of happy affection. "I just couldn't have dreamed I had such a fabulous grandpapa," Clancy said. "If only Henry could see me now."

"Ah?" Monsieur Viau's aged eyes twinkled. "You have a young man?"

"I suppose you could put it that way, but right now I'd call him a snake. He's my business manager too. I might as well confess," she went on, with a demure air. "I'm really Clancy Carnot. The singer."

"Singer?" Monsieur Viau, puzzled with this unexpected revelation, "In the opera, of course?"

"Oh, Grandpapa. I see you're going to have to be unsquared. Night spots and TV."

Her grandfather looked bewildered. "Do you mean you sing as a — a hobby?"

"Heavens no, to make a living. But it will be strictly a hobby, unless I can clobber this character Henry but good. He's tied up every penny I've got, to keep me from what he calls squandering my money."

Monsieur le Duc, surging up from the Lucullan depths of the dinner, said in a stricken voice, "Are we to understand, Mademoiselle, that you have no money?"

"I might as well not have. I can't touch a single penny."

Monsieur le Duc's soul curled up with an almost audible writhe of anguish.

"**You must** excuse me for a moment," Monsieur Viau said after a long silence. "It's time for me to go and take some medicine. My nerves, alas."

A waiter sprang forward to help him from his chair.

Monsieur le Duc, his appetite gone, pushed away his dessert and said, "Catastrophe! Surely your business manager cannot legally keep you from your own money?"

"He went to more legal hocus-pocus to bottle it up than you could imagine. And he goes around waving banners saying 'Clancy, I love you,' but he doesn't care if I starve. Now we'll just see who wins, now that I've found Grandpapa."

"**I'm afraid** your grandfather won't be able to help you with money," Monsieur le Duc pointed out, stunned at this tragic turn of events. "He has only his pension."

"His pension?"

"As the retired chef here in the hotel."

"Chef? A *cook?*" She gave a startled look around the apartment. "*Grandpapa?* But I thought . . . "

"And on Monday even his pension will be attached for debt," Monsieur le Duc added. "It is very sad. Naturally the thought had occurred to his friends that your appearance meant his salvation."

"Oh, poor Grandpapa!" Clancy cried, tears in her eyes. "And here I was only thinking of myself! How much does he need?"

"In dollars, I believe it amounts to seven or eight thousand. It was my intention," Monsieur le Duc said, melancholy at the memory, "to suggest that you advance him ten thousand which would have provided for any small obligations —" **continued on page 14**

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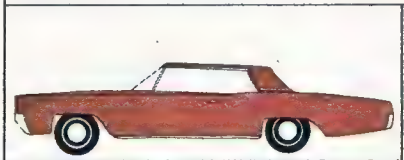

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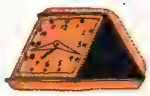

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"The more a cold capsule does for you the less it really costs."

At last count there were over 90 imitators that have tried to climb on the Contac bandwagon. We might be flattered. But in your interest we're not.

These "Johnny-come-latelys" *look* like Contac. A number even have names that *sound* like Contac. But do they work like Contac? How can they! Compare the formulas. Virtually none has as much antihistamine, so effective in stopping sneezes. Few, if any, have as much drying agent to help out a runny nose and relieve watery eyes. Some don't even have a drying agent!

Remember this: Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication because nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the formula in the tiny "time pills" in Contac.

Yes, you can pay less for a cold capsule than Contac. But reflect: the more a cold capsule does for you the less it really costs. That's why it will always pay you to ask for Contac *by name*. At your pharmacy.

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Why you fight over money

the family receives money as a matter of course — no allowances, no charge accounts. When the wife wants money she has to ask for it, with wheedling, flattery, gentle threats or appeals to family pride.

THE EXPLANATION: The experts say these people subconsciously believe, "I'm not attractive enough to command love and attention on my own — I can only get it by keeping a tight grip on the purse strings."

2. "I got it wholesale"

Most of us are happy to take advantage of occasional bargains but some men and women are unable to buy any sizeable item unless it's at a discount. The idea of just going to the nearest store and buying what's needed is almost immoral. Everything is exhaustively shopped for and the cheapest source tracked down. The wife — or husband — who shops in any other manner is regarded as a major offender or a fool.

THE EXPLANATION: These people really feel, "I don't deserve anything good. I'm a cut-rate kind of person."

3. "Everyone is out to cheat you"

This man — or woman — not only adds up every bill two or three times but insists that every member of the family do the same thing. He is happy to raise an embarrassing row when he feels he has been "cheated."

THE EXPLANATION: These people scrutinize their finances closely because they actually hope to discover that they have been cheated. They are continually looking for a self-righteous fight.

4. "That new rug is my Sunday suit!"

A good many men and a few women are prone to be financial spoilsports, taking all the fun out of an adventuresome purchase by continually reminding the family of what must be sacrificed in order to get it — "Don't sit on it — it's not paid for yet."

THE EXPLANATION: You are supposed to get the none-too-subtle message that the speaker is not responsible for the extravagance, but is bravely bearing up. Secretly he may be delighted by the purchase.

5. "I'll show you that I can also spend money!"

A husband lost $65 in a poker game. He went home and told his wife, who angrily burst out, "My closet is full of rags. I haven't been to the beauty parlor in six months!" Finally, she agreed to forgive him. The next day, however, she went downtown and bought a dress, hat, shoes and had a $25 permanent wave.

THE EXPLANATION: This woman was one of many who need to feel angry and ill-used before they can justify spending on personal, feminine items. They have a poor opinion of themselves as women.

6. "Who, me? I never spend more than a couple of dollars at a time!"

In nearly every family that lives beyond its income there is a conscious spender and an unconscious spender. Many marriage counselors think the unconscious spender is the hardest to help. She — it is more likely to be a woman — always denies that she overspends. She bitterly blames her mate for their predicament and points to his sensational, lump-sum expenditures.

But when you analyze her checkbook you find that though she rarely writes a check for more than ten dollars she spends as much as her obviously extravagant husband.

THE EXPLANATION: People with similar problems tend to marry one another.

7. "Why didn't you take a bus instead of a taxi?"

Some husbands and some wives are always making anxious unjustifiable inquiries about one another's spending. They are constantly asking, "How much did you pay for it?"

THE EXPLANATION: These nagging financial critics are really saying that they have little confidence in the general capability or intelligence of their mates.

8. "Do you think dollars grow on trees?"

This is frequently the refuge of someone who is selfishly unwilling to make financial sacrifices unless the cause has enlisted his personal sympathy. A woman who wanted her husband to advance socially saved on her food bills until she had enough money to buy him a set of golf clubs. When he told her he would rather have a pool table for the basement playroom, she immediately reversed her field and told him they couldn't waste money on such things.

THE EXPLANATION: Many apparent "sacrifices" or extravagant gifts are not really gifts at all but unspoken messages which say clearly, "I find you unsatisfactory the way you are — I want you to be some other kind of person."

"If your husband is a tightwad — or your wife a giddy spendthrift — it doesn't mean he hates you," Dr. Drisko counsels. "When you find yourself getting angry remember that he is acting that way because of some emotional deficiency in his nature. Difficult as it may be, additional thoughtfulness and affection are needed, not slam-bang quarrels."

—THE END

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Here's a remarkable new vitamin tablet that can do *more* for you because there's blood-strengthening iron in it. It's called BREAKFAST VITAMINS.

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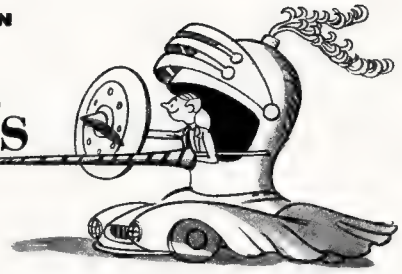
ROLLING ALONG by RALPH STEIN

Your Boy's New Car



IF, LIKE ME, you're the harried parent of a young sprout who has just reached his legal driving age, no one has to tell you what his head is full of. He's got automobiles on the brain — girls come out a poor second.

He'd be better off if he didn't own a car for a few years. Educators say that kids who don't own cars do better in school. But if you finally break down under his (or even her) wheedling, his "all-the-other-kids-have-cars-why-can't-I-Pop?" you can at least try to steer him toward the right kind of car for a boy.

An important symbol

A youngster may claim that all he wants is wheels, a means of convenient transport. But a car is really much more than that to a boy. It's a symbol of his power and manhood, his first sword and buckler as a young knight among knights.

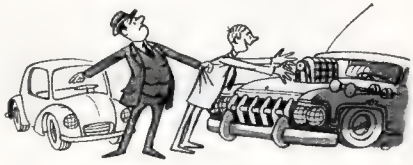
From what I overhear, the High School Set's dream car is something like this:

It should, if possible, have only slightly less horsepower than an interplanetary rocket. Anything less than 400 horses under the hood means you're so square you don't care if you can't leave black streaks of rubber on the road when you screech away from the ice-cream place. A lovely burping rumble should come out of the twin chromed tail pipes. And this sun chariot must have the seating capacity of a Greyhound Bus for moving battalions of friends.

It's up to you to resist. But don't go too far; the kid's entitled to at least part of his Big Dream. Don't insist on so stodgy a vehicle that he'll be ashamed of it. Further, a mouse-powered little austerity car isn't as safe as a car with enough horsepower for passing on a two-lane road or when entering a turnpike.

Don't fall for a weary expensive-when-it-was-new big car. Costly repair parts and tires and high gas consumption will get your boy in over his head.

Stay away, too, from the hotted-up fireball in which some sharp kid has been roaring around town.



MOUSE OR MONSTER? *Don't fall for either extreme*

Not only may it have been tuned to a high pitch of unreliability, but it could be really tired by the time the teen-age Stirling Moss tries to unload it.

Your youngster may fancy himself a genius-mechanic, but even if he is, don't let him get involved with a droopy old junker. He may get the engine to purr like a pussycat. But he could find himself in the hospital before he gets around to fixing the vague steering or spongy brakes. Fast modern traffic is no place for the jalopy gradually undergoing renovation.

A stick shift is fun

The kind of car I intend to find for my boy is a simple, solid, medium-sized sedan with about 150 horsepower — either a six or an eight. Kids, these days, would rather have a stick shift than an automatic transmission, and I agree. A stick is not only more fun and more interesting for a mechanically minded boy, it also teaches him something about the workings of transmissions.

A car six or eight years old will do fine if it has been well cared for. You ought to be able to find a nice one for between $300 and $600. Go with your boy to a reputable dealer, preferably one who is a new-car dealer, too. He's sometimes more reliable than the fellow with only a used-car lot. Examine the car that catches your, *and your boy's*, fancy with an eagle eye. In addition to its paint and chrome, check for things like steering-wheel play (more than two inches is too much), mileage (if it's too low it may have been turned back). And look for evidence of age on pedals and upholstery (look under the seat covers).

Then, both of you, drive the beast. Check for oil smoke, which is evidence of wear, pick-up, brakes. But even if everything seems okay don't pressure your son into buying it. The last word is his; it's going to be his doll-baby. But maybe he'll let you borrow it some night. ——THE END

BEAUTIFUL CLANCY — *Continued from page 10*

that may have been overlooked." Such as, I thought, Monsieur le Duc's personal commission.

"Golly, it might as well be a billion," Clancy said. "I'd ruin my whole life by appealing to Henry if that would help, but it wouldn't."

"*Enfin*," Monsieur le Duc said, spreading his hands in surrender, "nothing can be done." He turned to Mr. Hopewell. "Perhaps, monsieur, you can think of something?"

"Magnificent," Mr. Hopewell murmured peering at the remains of the dinner. "Utterly magnificent."

Monsieur Viau came back into the room, and Clancy ran and hugged him. She said, "Darling Grandpapa. I'm going to love you more than ever."

"Thank you," the great Viau said. "And now I should like to give you something." A waiter brought a little silver coffer to the table. Monsieur Viau opened it, disclosing a stack of papers. "These are personal tributes written to me by the great *chefs de cuisine* of many years past," he said. "No other honors have meant as much to me."

The ray of hope died in Monsieur le Duc's eyes. Clancy courageously cloaked her disappointment and said admiringly, "They're the most, honestly."

When Monsieur le Duc and I left the hotel sometime later we ran into what appeared to be a riot. A brass band was forming. Several limousines were drawn up to the curb, bearing giant placards reading CLANCY, COME HOME and CLANCY, I LOVE YOU.

A young man, no doubt Henry, began leading the brass band in "Whirl, Girl."

Clancy appeared on the balcony a moment later, took a careful windup and beaned Henry with a *biscuit glacé aux fraises*.

I asked Monsieur le Duc how much he had gotten for finding Henry and tipping him off as to Clancy's whereabouts.

"Not enough, I assure you," Monsieur le Duc said. He added nobly that his sorrow for Monsieur Viau had driven all thought of gain from his mind. "True sentiment can never be measured in francs," he added.

Then, next day, I learned Henry's brass band had miraculously solved all Clancy's grandfather's difficulties by awakening Mr. Hopewell from his trance. Once awake, he had glanced through the tributes to Monsieur Viau and noticed that each was accompanied by a recipe for the writer's most famous *spécialité*.

Being an astute publisher Mr. Hopewell immediately recognized the makings of a cookbook worth a fortune. A check for ten thousand dollars advance against royalties was now in Monsieur Viau's silver coffer.

Her grandfather had wanted her to take the money, Clancy said, since he had made her a present of the tributes. But she had told him that if he would keep it they could call it an investment, and that would show Henry she had business sense of her own. She was on her way to meet Henry for lunch and she was very happy.

She had learned that it was due to Monsieur le Duc that Henry had appeared so fortuitously and felt that Monsieur le Duc should be rewarded, too. But knew he would be offended at any such offer. I assured her that she couldn't be more right. ——THE END

NEXT WEEK: *Clyde's hobby was finding new ways to kill, but his grandmother loved him anyway — too much to leave him alone in the world. "Where I Go, He Goes" is P.V.M. Wrightson's most shocking chiller.*

This star is the new symbol of our finest ham in 97 years

Everything good we've learned about ham making in 97 years, has gone into this new Armour Golden Star Ham. It's the royalty of hams from hard-grain fed porkers —the lean, pink center section of ham with bone, connective tissue, and most inside-outside fat removed. Cooked, and sweet-hickory smoked, Armour Golden Star is everything you'd expect in a ham that took 97 years to perfect. It comes by its Golden Star honestly. Try it.

NEW SEASONED RY-KRISP

As if Seasoned Ry-Krisp didn't taste exciting enough all by itself, here comes scrumptious "Spring-a-Ding" Tuna Spread to make this tangy-tasting new cracker even more irresistible.

And if you'd like the beautiful imported Swedish snack tray pictured above you can have that, too. Details on the back of every Ry-Krisp package.

NOTE WELL: There's no law that says you can't enjoy "Spring-a-Ding" Tuna Spread on Traditional Ry-Krisp (the original whole-rye cracker) as well. It's also available at your grocer's.

"SPRING-A-DING" TUNA SPREAD

1 cup (approx. 2 servings) prepared instant mashed potatoes (very stiff).
2 cans (6-1/2 oz.) Chicken of the Sea chunk tuna with oil.
1 pkg. (1-7/8 oz.) cream of leek soup mix.
3 dashes hot sauce.

1. Prepare potatoes according to directions on package, using milk instead of water, and omitting butter. 2. Combine potatoes with remaining ingredients. Mix until smooth. 3. Mold spread to desired shape, cover loosely and chill, preferably for several hours, to blend flavors. 4. Garnish and serve at room temperature on Ry-Krisp. *Yield:* 2½ cups.

◂BRAND NEW TANGY TASTE

ORIGINAL WHOLE-RYE FLAVOR▸

Taste-tempting Tuna

Try this French-inspired recipe in a Lenten menu

TUNA is the treasure fish on the Lenten menu. Of all the fish that swim, this is the most featured on the American table. Canned tuna accounts for one fifth of the fish consumed in the United States, counting nearly a billion cans annually.

Yet tuna came late to our tables. The first cans, about 17,000, were packed in San Pedro, Calif., in 1903. This event marked the start of a new food industry which doubled and redoubled in size with the passing of each decade.

But tuna is no Johnny-come-lately. This fish has been recognized as a delicacy since the golden days of Greece. Fifteen hundred years before Columbus discovered America, the Incas and other civilizations which came before were harvesting the inexhaustible schools.

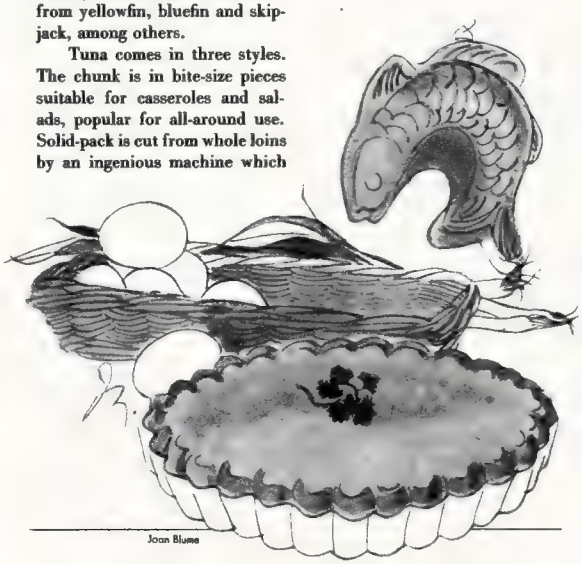
Today we can enjoy an emperor's fare at modest price and canned to a king's taste. There are two general classifications: white meat, which in the U.S. is canned solely from the albacore; and light meat, which is canned from yellowfin, bluefin and skipjack, among others.

Tuna comes in three styles. The chunk is in bite-size pieces suitable for casseroles and salads, popular for all-around use. Solid-pack is cut from whole loins by an ingenious machine which presses and shapes the fish to exactly fill the cans. Served in mold this looks nice on a salad platter or it may be broken into pieces for hot or cold dishes. Grated and flake-style tuna is the least expensive, made from smaller pieces of fish. This is ready for blending with spreads for use in sandwiches and salads.

TUNA QUICHE LORRAINE

9-inch unbaked pastry shell
1 can (6½ or 7 ounces) tuna in vegetable oil, flaked
½ cup grated Swiss or Cheddar cheese
4 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
1 cup light cream
1 tablespoon minced scallions
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
⅛ teaspoon hot pepper sauce

Bake pastry at 450°F. for 10 minutes; remove from oven. Sprinkle tuna, then cheese over pastry shell. Combine beaten eggs with remaining ingredients. Pour over tuna and cheese. Bake at 325°F. 45 minutes or until set. Yield: 6 main-dish portions. ——THE END



Joan Blume

Mrs. Thomas of Levittown, N. Y., says her family also loves the oatmeal cookie recipe that's right on the package.

Fun and fancy! The cookies you make with Quaker Oats!

Look how inviting—taste how good! This party tray of cookies in different shapes and sizes and luscious flavor combinations. But in each, the all-important ingredient for texture and nutrition is Quaker Oats.

Try *all* these favorite cookie recipes soon—and often!

SUGAR 'N SPICE COOKIES

Makes 3 dozen cookies

- 2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¾ cup shortening, soft
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup firmly-packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¼ cup milk
- 3 cups Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 1 cup raisins, chopped

Sift together flour, soda, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg into a large bowl. Add shortening, sugars, eggs and milk. Mix until smooth, about 2 minutes. Stir in oats and raisins. (For ease in handling, dough may be refrigerated before rolling.)

Roll out on lightly floured board or canvas to ¼-inch thickness. Cut out with floured 3-inch round cooky cutter. Place on greased cooky sheets; sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar. Bake in preheated moderate oven (375°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from cooky sheets immediately.

SCOTCH TOFFEE BARS

Makes 3 dozen small bars

- ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 cups Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- ½ cup firmly-packed brown sugar
- ¼ cup dark corn syrup
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

Topping:

- One 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted
- ¼ cup chopped nutmeats

Pour butter over oats; mix thoroughly. Add sugar, syrup, salt and vanilla, blending well. Pack firmly into a greased 7x11-inch pan. Bake in preheated very hot oven (450°F.) about 12 minutes. Cool thoroughly.

Loosen edges and turn out of pan. Spread with melted chocolate. Sprinkle with nutmeats. Chill; cut in bars. Store in refrigerator.

CHOCOLATE-SQUARE OATMEAL COOKIES

Makes 3 dozen cookies

- ¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup firmly-packed brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup shortening, soft
- 1 egg
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- ¼ cup chopped pecans

Sift together flour, soda and salt. Add sugars, shortening, egg and vanilla. Beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Stir in oats and pecans. Shape dough into one 12-inch roll. Wrap; chill thoroughly.

Slice; place on ungreased cooky sheets. Bake in preheated moderate oven (375°F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from oven; immediately place small square of *milk chocolate bar* on each. Remove from cooky sheets; press *pecan half* into chocolate.

CHOCOLATE NUT DROPS

Makes 3 dozen pieces

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons light corn syrup
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1½ cups Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 1 cup shredded or flaked coconut
- ½ cup chopped nutmeats

Combine sugar, chocolate, salt, syrup and milk in medium-sized saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, to 236°F. or until a soft ball forms when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat; stir in vanilla, butter, oats, coconut and nutmeats. Drop immediately by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper.

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FIRST LADY'S FIRST DAY — *Continued from page 7*

so silent and bereft, to greet them.

6:26 P.M. — Lady Bird climbed out of the Presidential helicopter on the south White House lawn. Even in the 'copter, her husband had carried on a conference with Secretary of Defense Bob McNamara and several advisors.

The First Lady realized how tired she was as she spied Norman, the chauffeur, holding the door open for her. Gratefully she sank inside. So did a Secret Serviceman.

6:40 P.M. — As they approached The Elms, the Secret Serviceman filled her in on what had been going on there. "Your phone number is out," he informed her, "and the White House numbers are installed in your house. And Lucy has been taken from school and is at the house now." Oh, there was a crowd of people. And reporters were waiting at the gates, too, as they drove in. The gates had always stood open and now they clanged shut behind them as they drove to the house.

6:45 P.M. — Lucy was standing on the steps as they drove up and she and her mother embraced. "Oh, Mother," said Lucy, all in a torrent of words. "At school Miss Lee called me in and told me. And then all the girls said a prayer for Father."

There was a rush of tears between them as they went into the house together.

7:00 P.M. — Liz Carpenter walked down to the gate, red-eyed, and told the reporters, "Mrs. Johnson has this to say: 'It seems like a dreadful nightmare. Somehow we must find the strength to go on.' " It was just as Lady Bird had said it. No more, no less.

7:10 P.M. — Lady Bird sat down to watch the news on TV. It made her feel unreal as she watched. And then she looked down and realized she had not been out of these clothes all day. She had put them on at 8 a.m. for the Chamber of Commerce breakfast in Fort Worth — the wonderful happy breakfast where she had sat at the head table and heard about Texas unity.

She looked again at the dress — a beige dress, and one of her favorites. She wondered if she would ever put it on again.

7:15 P.M. — She went to her room and put on a green hostess robe and lay on the bed, first turning on the TV at the foot of it.

She called Lynda Bird at the University of Texas and was gratified when her daughter said, "Mother, the first thing I did when I heard the news was go to the Governor's Mansion to be with the Connally children."

"That was just right, darling," said Mrs. Johnson, proud that her children thought first of others. It was a heartwarming moment, the bright spot of the terrible day.

There were directions for the kitchen to have plenty of fried chicken ready to eat when the President would arrive home. "He'll probably have people with him," Mrs. Johnson said, "and he hasn't had anything to eat yet."

9:24 P.M. — Someone reported that the President had left the Vice-Presidential offices in the Executive Building and was on his way home. She rose and went downstairs to meet him, still in her green hostess robe.

9:35 P.M.—The President had brought a few of his staff with him and they went into the terrace room. "We'll eat right away, darling," Mrs. Johnson assured him.

"Oh darling, I should have called you," the President said, "because we had a hamburger at the desk."

She got a plate of food for herself then, and sat with them as they stared at the TV set, listening again to the whole story. She picked at a chicken wing, hardly able to swallow a bite.

Someone asked her what she had said to Jacqueline at the hospital and she realized she didn't really know. "How do you know what you say at such a time?" she had replied. "You just say what you hope and pray will give comfort. And you reach out your hand."

12:00 P.M. — At midnight she gave up and called it a day — the saddest, the strangest day of her life.

Saturday 8:00 A.M. — Lady Bird put on the black dress that would be her uniform for the days ahead. Between phone calls, she prepared to go to the White House where the Cabinet and other government officials would view the casket and pay their respects.

8:30 A.M. — She nibbled a bit of breakfast, still too heavy-hearted to eat. She thought of Jacqueline and the children.

8:40 A.M. — Lyndon left for the White House. As he kissed her good-by, she made a mental resolution to make sure that the new President got enough rest. She thought of the day that stretched ahead of him. After he saw Robert Kennedy at the White House, he would go back to his Vice-Presidential office and see Rusk and McNamara and his own staff and on and on and on.

Well, bells were ringing for her, too, and she hurried to answer phones, give instructions, talk to Lucy and hurry out to her waiting car.

10:20 A.M. — She arrived at her husband's office where Democratic and Republican Congressional leaders were assembling with their wives to walk

LAST LAUGH by TOM HENDERSON

"Today, I couldn't do a thing with it"

across the street again — West Executive Avenue, of course — to the White House. Oh, how strange it seemed, how quiet they all were. But each woman, she knew, was sharing her thoughts.

11:00 A.M. — They walked in the rain to the White House and arrived a few moments before Dwight Eisenhower stepped out of his car. How fit he looked. And there were Chief Justice Warren and Mrs. Warren and the sad faces of the White House staff. And the moment came, the dreadful, painful moment, when she filed past the flag-draped bronze casket in the room now emptied of all evidences of the gaiety it had seen, now decorated only with flickering candles, as easy to snuff out as a life.

11:10 A.M. — She went upstairs then, with the President, to the family quarters to talk a few moments with the brave young widow. The President left soon to have a chat with former President Eisenhower but she stayed a little longer.

Each of them, the former First Lady and the new, were concerned first for the welfare and comfort of the other. But one thing Lady Bird knew — she did not want Jacqueline to hurry to leave the White House. No, Lady Bird begged her to take all the time she needed.

11:40 A.M. — Lady Bird joined her husband again at a special private service in the "Church of the Presidents" — St. John's Episcopal Church across Lafayette Square, where every President since James Madison had worshipped at least once. Only Lady Bird and the President and some members of his staff were present.

The Rev. John Harper spoke simply: "We give Thee thanks for all those who laid down their life in the service of our country and especially for Thy servant John."

Lady Bird felt her eyes moisten as the rector added:

"O, God, bless Thy servant Lyndon and all others in authority so they may always do Thy will."

12 NOON — She rode back to the Executive Office Building with the President and kissed him good-by as he got out to join General Eisenhower again. "Yes," she thought, as she drove off, "the nation did have a President who tried to do God's will."

12:30 P.M. — She called Nellie Connally in Texas.

"How is John?" she asked anxiously.

There was something of the old spirit in her friend as she said, "Well, he's still critical but he's not critically critical."

Lady Bird smiled. "That's our Nellie," she said, relieved. Yes, Nellie's spirit was returning bit by bit just as it was returning bit by bit to all of them. It was as if the nation had had a terrible illness but it would pull through.

Could it be 24 hours since she'd become First Lady? Lady Bird reflected a moment. "I feel as though I've walked on stage for a part I've never rehearsed," she said.

But she knew, even so, that this show was in for a long engagement. —— THE END

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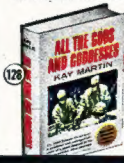

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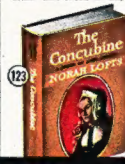

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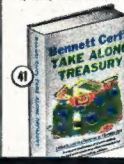

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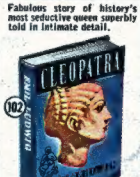

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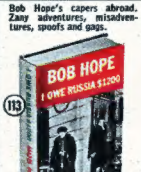

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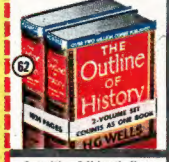

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